But President Roosevelt called on his supporters to stand by him, Senator Hanna fell in line, and in the convention Thursday a resolution a resolution endorsing Roosevelt's candidacy was adopted without opposition. Ohio is the sixteenth State to take this action, and these sixteen States elect a majority of the delegates to the National Convention.

THE GOSPEL OF WORK.

A careful reading of our State exchanges shows that no other commencement address delivered in North Carolina this year has been so widely discussed as Dr. Walter H. Page's "Man Behind the Plow" at the A. & M. College. It was a plea for thorough training of all labor; it was a forceful enunciation of the truth that it is the the efficient workman, not the cheap workman, who helps the State and helps society. To illustrate his point, Dr. Page drew a striking parallel between Iowa and North Carolina, which we expect to give in our next issue. Just now we wish to reprint the following paragraphs from the address, in which the gospel of work is so effectively preached. There is hope for any young man who accepts the doctrine that "it is better to make good split-bottom chairs than be an unproductive 'prominent citizen';" or as Dr. Lyman Abbott said in Richmond last month, "it is better to pound an anvil and make good horseshoes than pound a pulpit and make poor sermons." Here are the words of Dr. Page:

"Of course no man can work properly with his hands without working with his brain and his heart also. Labor by mere main strength, a mule or a donkey or engine can do. Your institution, therefore, comes right down to the bottom of the problem of life in North Carolina. Other people may fool themselves, if they still care to do so. Some may think that it is better to be a jack-leg lawyer than a master carpenter. Some may think that a lazy drone of a preacher is better than a good blacksmith. Some may think that a life of idleness makes a gentleman. Some may think that to be an unproductive 'prominent citizen' is better than to make good split-bottom chairs. But you know better. You have got away from all these delusions.

"A man who makes a bad buggy or who builds a poor house, scratches a poor farm, or does anything badly—he makes us all poorer. He pulls down the level of our life. The only substance that most men have is their labor. It is the most precious substance that anybody can have—the best gift of God. The man that wastes his labor throws his own life away, and he wastes the time and degrades the standard of all other men who have to do with him. Every inefficient man is a burden on the State.

"On the other hand a man who does a thing well—makes a buggy, builds a house, preaches a sermon, or tills an acre—he is the wise man and the only wise man, and the only useful man in the State. He is saved—he saves himself—he is the only man worth saving. He is the only man that makes the community worth living in."

The Nature Study Bureau of Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., has issued two more valuable leaflets, "A Child's Garden" and "How to Make Friends with the Birds." These will be sent free to any address on application, and should be of especial interest to teachers. This Nature Study Bureau is endowed by Mr. George Foster Peabody, and is doing work that ought also to be done by some institution in North Carolina.

Time will and should quickly come when all important questions will be referred to the people. That will be the Referendum. Time will come, too, perhaps later, when the people by petition or a mass-meeting or in elections can recommend the passage of a law or the repeal of a law. This will be the Initiative. These are not such formidable things to a people nurtured in the love of democracy.—Biblical Recorder.

Three Great Blessings.

I have long had the feeling that three great blessings may come into one's life without any effort on his part. One is to be born in the country, and one is to be born poor, and the best of the three is to be born young. O, I like warmth and life and vigor and zest and capacity to stand up straight and hold your shoulders square and face the world, with the windows of your soul all wide open, ready to take in light and life and beauty and righteousness, too. I do not like to see youth narrow and wrinkled and all worn out with life's dissipation before life is fairly begun. I like to stand here and be able to congratulate you, as one who knows whereof he speaks, that you represent an agricultural State,—rural communities. Why, my friends, if you will just take the lawyers, wicked as they are, and the clergymen (I had a brother who went astray and went into the ministry), and the leading business men, and our statesmen; take the educators and the founders of educational institutions, and they were born in farm homes, trained in country schools, had to start down close to the ground, and grow through hardships to an attitude that makes us proud of the fact that they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and that from the hills they drew their strength.—Hon. W. W. Stetson, of Maine, in Commencement Address, Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro.

The Review of Reviews on Negro Suffrage.

There has of late been an attempt to revive an agitation against the new suffrage arrangements of the South; but this attempt has proved too feeble and futile to be seriously harmful. Too much tolerance altogether has been shown to a certain type of negro agitator. Some of these platform speakers are men of talent, and we may as well assume that most of them are fairly sincere; but their denunciations of the South are useless, and merit rebuke. Sensible men judge practical affairs in their relations. Thus, the present political status of the negro is to be compared with that which preceded it. Most of the Southern States have, indeed, now given effect to systems that legally disfranchise a great mass of negroes who were theoretically entitled to vote. But, practically, those negroes had been disfranchised for twenty-five years. The new system is of incalculable value to the negro because it involves a deliberate avowal by the ruling race that the negro is to have the same political rights as the white man. It may be very slow work for the negro race to attain such a position as respects education and property that a majority of its men can secure enrollment as voters. But anyhow, the remedy does not lie in henceforth talking politics and making agitation, but in acquiring manifest fitness by industry, thrift, and study. The negroes, in vast majority, are simply the agricultural laborers of the South. It is only a few years since the agricultural laborers of England were admitted to the franchise. At the present moment, agricultural laborers, and even skilled workmen, in Germany are at a great disadvantage in politics. Considering their ignorance and their thriftlessness, the negroes of the South have all the political influence that they ought to have. The thing to be careful about is that the door of opportunity be not shut. Now, the plain fact is that the chance to work and to earn money is exceedingly good for the Southern negroes, and that their treatment by their white neighbors is upon the whole not oppressive or intolerable. Since the white men of the South are, of their own accord, determined to see the negro children have opportunities for education, the negro race has its work plainly cut out for it, and all its leaders ought to be sensible enough to dwell upon the hopeful side of the situation.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for June.

Sisyphus and the Craze for Wealth.

In the pleasant days of antiquity, when people were content to take life tranquilly and worshipped a race of gods and goddesses as easy-going as themselves, a certain discontented mortal, Sisyphus by name, jealous of his papa-in-law (Atlas, supporter of the universe), started out to achieve a reputation for himself as financier and founder of enterprises. He, however, quickly got into trouble, being both rapacious and avid, so was promptly ordered off to Hades for his sins. To be energetic and grasping was then the surest way to exasperate public opinion, for it was an epoch when all reasonable people and even the gods themselves asked for nothing better than to sit in the shade and be comfortable.

In order to make his punishment co-ordinate this culprit's crime, he was condemned for all eternity to shoulder a rock up a mountain side, only to see it go bounding down into the valley again as soon as he had got it laboriously to the top.

This story and that of the hungry wight who was always being tempted by good cheer just out of reach crop up continually in the writings of that day, both tales being amusingly illustrative of the Greek spirit and an age when to enjoy a cultivated leisure was considered as about the summum bonum of existence.

Fancy the amazement of those Attic peoples (who, between ourselves, may not have been so very far wrong in their view of life) had they been told that a race would one day spring up, quite as civilized as themselves and possessing far greater opportunities for cultivation and enjoyment, every member of which, rich as well as poor, would look upon weary Sisyphus's task as the one reasonable and commendable occupation for a gentleman.

Yet this view is almost universal in our land today, where an all-prevading rustle of bank notes distracts men's minds so completely from the real aims of existence. Sisyphus is now held up as a model of industry and application. Parents urge their offsprings to waste no time in preliminaries, knuckle down as early as possible to the chief problem of to-day, the rolling of stones uphill, or, to put the idea minus the metaphor, the endless and aimless piling up of treasure, not for any enjoyment the store may bring its possessor (that is a minor consideration), but simply for the sake of accumulation.—From Eliot Gregory's "Unavailing Wealth," in the June Century.

A Day in June.

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
  Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
  'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
  towers
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslips startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
  sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her
  nest—
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the
  best?

—James Russell Lowell, in "The Vision of Sir Launfal."